

Nation

Summer's over...

A trip down the Rupert

Back to school issue

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The price ain't right

By Will Nicholls

At times there seems to be a million stories about the way the North takes advantage of First Nations and non-residents. We all know things cost more but there are limits to what the market will bear and not complain.

Recently upon hearing that our Air Creebec flight was full we looked into various ways to go from Chibougamau to Montreal. A taxi would cost around \$1000. Certainly cheaper than two plane tickets but still a little expensive for our tastes though I have many fine reports of the comfort of the trip.

We looked for a ride but hitchhiking to Montreal is no longer as easy as it used to be. You need a network and more time than we had. We missed a few rides and no more were to be found.

Next up seemed to be a simple proposition. We would rent a car. Fortunately, we thought, there was a multinational car rental vehicle in Chibougamau named appropriately National. If you go online you will get an estimate of \$223.49. We tried to get hold of the National counter in Chibougamau but couldn't get through to a live person.

So we decided to phone the convenient 1-800 number to see if we could rent that way. When we phoned the 800 number we were told yes and the estimated cost of the rental came out to \$539.18. Though this last figure was high for a one-day rental we decided to go with it and even reserved a compact-sized car over the phone.

Then we discovered the perils of car rental in Chibougamau. First, the general manager of Chibougamau Auto attempted to assist us. Then, she disappeared for a while and returned to tell us the person responsible for the National counter was coming from the airport to help us.

After sitting down and looking at the quote sent by the National chain

Vicky Lemay said the quote was wrong. The costs were \$52 per day and it was 55 cents rather than 50 cents per kilometre. The costs are little higher but not much until she let the other boot drop. The fee for dropping off the car in Montreal went from \$200 to \$800. Hurried calculations made the total cost jump to \$1200 to rent a car for one day to drive to Montreal.

Unbelievable, right! This seemed to be a case of a monopoly based on the assumption that the Crees and their compatriots are hemorrhaging money. True, Lemay said the drop-off fee included a bus ticket to Montreal, hotel, gas and meals for a Chibougamau-based driver to pick up the car and return it. But one would have thought these things weren't necessary for a franchise chain.

We phone the main office via the 800 number and asked about this insane rate change. The person requested to talk to Chibougamau Auto's Lemay at the National counter. A rude Lemay then got into an argument with the well-mannered National representative eating up my cellphone minutes like they were candy.

After the call, there was still no change in Lemay's stance. It was getting cheaper to take the taxi but a quick call showed one seat had opened up on Air Creebec.

We had found the only real means of getting to Montreal. It was Air Creebec all the way, baby! Never was I so happy to see that familiar logo when I boarded the plane.

During our search, we found an alternative to Chibougamau Auto's unreal pricing. For those in need of a renting vehicles just go to Diamond Taxi. One of their drivers rents out vehicles at a mere \$49 a day and 20 cents a kilometre. No drop off in Montreal though. Too bad but we can hope for the future.

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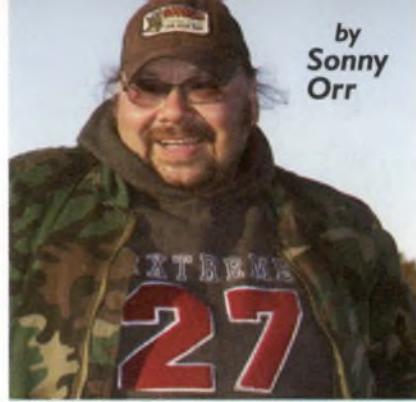
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on the cover:
The mouth of Lemaire at dawn



by
**Sonny
Orr**

Back to school daze

It's time to head back to school after a summer of crazy lazy times for many students. It's a time that some look forward to and for many other laggards, it's time to wake up the sleeping mind and get back into the groove of school days.

I remember back in the day, much excitement was astir, mainly because a brand-new high school was just completed and the main attraction was the gymnasium, where new games could be played. For many older people, they were excited of having a large enough space for a bingo hall, even though they had to wait another year for the school season to be over.

For those whom the first day of school was exciting, the prospect of having new pencils, erasers, a ruler with a straight edge and, the ultimate of all school tools, a complete geometric kit with all the angles and dangles to make any design worthy of any drafts table. Another angle was to meet and get to know the new teachers, and perhaps visit them after hours and on weekends although I'm sure they (the teachers) had other plans than seeing the same old kids day after day.

Another thing about the first days of fall was that we would actually get real textbooks, unlike today, where the daily fare of paper comprise of photocopies. As for our history teacher, he actually tore up the history textbooks, claiming that they were entirely wrong, and that he would tell us the truth of Native people and the involvement of our peoples in the making of the country of Canada. For the rest of the school year, we were amazed to learn all the disinformation

doled out to the rest of the country about First Nations people. No wonder many people older than I have terrible misconceptions of our history.

One teacher we had back then had recently been imported from Egypt and he found that the warm autumn days of September were quite cold. We would often see him walking around on sweltering days completely zipped up in a snow suit and shivering away, convincing us that this man could not be sane. The other teachers had the same opinion of him, but did not care too much for his enforcer ways of teaching with the aid of a massive screwdriver, which he would menacingly wave around and use on the occasional student who couldn't comprehend the use of a protractor – by the way, he was the Shop teacher. Fortunately for us, he soon discovered that the average temperature would drop every day and he hastily left for warmer climates after two weeks.

It was also a time to see old friends, as the usual summer chums got tired of each other and were glad to pick on kids from other communities, instead of picking on us. We were already wary of the older kids with slingshots and a mean misde-meanour to start with, so having someone new to hassle relieved us somewhat.

For children today, the thought of going back to school circulates around the fact that all classrooms have access to the Internet, which is the major pre-occupation for all walks of life and ages. For my nine-year-old, she is anxious to hit the books and do some homework instead!

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"This never should have happened!"

In the wake of the murder of a Whapmagoostui woman and her two children, questions are being asked whether justice services for victims of conjugal violence are sufficient in the North

By Amy German

On the morning of August 22, Whapmagoostui police were called to 30 Whapmac Street to investigate the possibility of a domestic-violence dispute. After a forced entry into the home, police discovered a woman and child who were not breathing, a severely injured second child and a man who had also sustained injuries.

Three of the people have since died of apparent knife-related injuries – Minnie Natachequan, 37, and her sons Peter, 8, and Dawson, 6. The fourth individual was identified as 35-year-old Peter Tooktoo, Natachequan's ex-husband and father of the boys.

According to Brian Jones of the Whapmagoostui police force who was at the scene of the crime, Tooktoo had a history of violence against his ex-wife. Despite this, at the time of the alleged murder there was no restraining order against Tooktoo because, according to Jones, Natachequan had withdrawn her previous complaint and request for protection.

"He had (previously) gone to jail and he was not allowed to come to the community of Whapmagoostui. He had to stay in Umiujaq about a 45-minute flight from here," said Jones.

Tooktoo was brought to hospital immediately following the incident and then off to the courthouse in Amos where he was charged. Though Tooktoo has yet to enter a plea, he is expected to do so when he appears before a judge in Kuujjuarapik on October 6.

A week later a memorial service was held at the arena in Whapmagoostui to lay Natachequan and her two sons to rest amid an outcry of emotion. Members of the entire community lined the rows including members of the Grand Council, local police and many of Natachequan's friends from the firehouse where she had been a volunteer firefighter.

Sharing his condolences with The Nation, Gordon Snowboy, the local Fire Chief, remembers Natachequan fondly. Though Natachequan worked as a full-time daycare educator, she devoted whatever free time she had to the fire squad.

"She did a lot of good service for us for over six years," said Snowboy. "She was a first responder, a firefighter, a mother, a sister and a daughter. I knew her well. She was a happy person who always wanted to make people laugh. She used to make us laugh and she would always tell people to be strong."

Despite her sunny disposition, Natachequan was suffering in silence. Snowboy spoke of how after Natachequan's death, he found some of her notes that dated back to a training she had done for the fire station back in 2004.

"She was tired of not being happy, tired of being sad and tired of being tired. Those were the three sentences I found on her note pad," said Snowboy.

Reverend Tom Martin of St. Edmond's Anglican Church in Whapmagoostui, who performed the Natachequan's funeral

service, said that "this never should have happened," and that those were the words he began the service with.

Having known both the Natachequan and Tooktoo families very well, Martin was both shocked and dismayed by the tragedy, particularly as Natachequan's struggles with Tooktoo had been ongoing.

Martin had even encountered Natachequan and her two children hiding out in a nearby women's shelter on a Saturday morning just two weeks before the incident. Yet the next day the whole family was together in church for Sunday service.

"SHE WAS A FIRST RESPONDER, A FIREFIGHTER, A MOTHER, A SISTER AND A DAUGHTER. I KNEW HER WELL. SHE WAS A HAPPY PERSON WHO ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH."

For as much as Natachequan herself may have withdrawn her complaints against Tooktoo, Martin felt that the behaviour was symptomatic of the domestic violence she was living through and that perhaps something else needed to be done.

"It is my understanding that there have been a number of attempts to have this man restrained in one way or another but the Crown said that they didn't see that there was a need to take the man away from the community," said Martin.

Martin, who had at one time counseled Tooktoo, said that his history of violence extended beyond Natachequan.

In retrospect, Martin wonders why the Crown did not do more to keep Tooktoo off the streets or at least alert the public to his crimes against society.

Whapmagoostui Chief Losty Mamianskum is also on the same page with Martin, expressing frustration with a legal system that in his opinion should have done more.

"I think that what this case highlights is the deficiencies in the services delivered to the people up here in the North," said Mamianskum.

According to Mamianskum, not only are the services available to the victims of domestic violence insufficient, so are criminal justice services as the communities are without justices of the peace and the interim court only comes to town once every seven weeks.

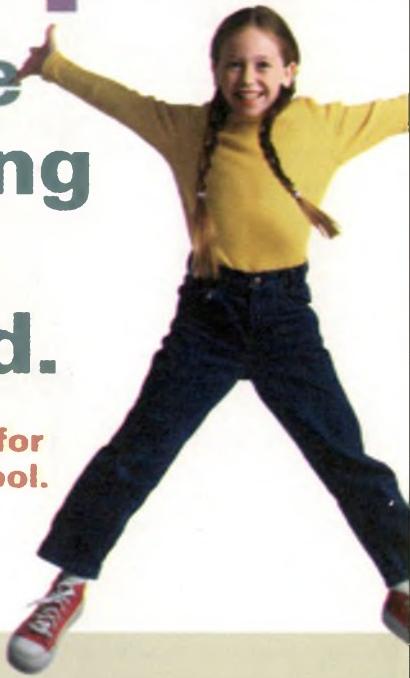
"Many people believe that it is not enough and that maybe its not enough time for the lawyers or the Crown to familiarize themselves with the situation because they have to process so many cases in a week's time or even three or four days," said Mamianskum.

In the wake of this tragedy, Mamianskum is looking to see prevention campaigns against family violence stepped up and sweeping changes made to the legal system.

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Phelps of the North

Swimmer Gabriel Rabbitskin returns home with five medals he won at the Indigenous Games

By Amy German

Returning to Quebec with five new medals from the 2008 North American Indigenous Games in Cowichan, B.C., swimmer Gabriel Rabbitskin is proud of his wins for Mistissini and hopes there are many more to come.

Despite winning four gold medals at this year's NAIG, Rabbitskin's silver win was the one he considered his biggest achievement as he managed to beat his own personal best time.

"It was the biggest accomplishment because it was only the second time in my life that I did that swim. It was the 100m freestyle, it's a sprint and in the finals it was all pretty close," said Rabbitskin.

Still Rabbitskin was amazed because he didn't think he could do it. But to pull it off when it counted allowed him to savour the win even more.

Though the 2008 NAIG may have been Rabbitskin's third crack at the games, it was his defeat at the 2005 games that had him coming back so strong. After a seven-medal win at the 2002 Winnipeg games, Rabbitskin changed direction, quit swimming and joined the Eastern Door and the North's basketball team.

"At the last one we were beat by the U.S. teams. They were just really crazy! After that I started swimming again. I got back into it at least five times a week," said Rabbitskin.

Getting back into training was difficult. Having been involved with rigorous training from an early age, halting only for his three-year stint in basketball, Gabriel was back at square one, confronting obstacles he had overcome years earlier.

Rabbitskin's romance with athleticism began at a young age. As his mother insisted that he always participate in some form of physical activity, Gabriel began to swim at the age of five in Chibougamau. By the time he turned seven, his swiftness in the pool had already garnered attention from onlookers who encouraged Rabitskin's mother to put him into a formal swimming club to compete.

Now, at 19, Rabbitskin is attending Cégep de Rivière-du-Loup where he is studying recreation integration and is on the college's swim team in hopes of keeping up his training.

Having such a large contingent of Crees at NAIG also added to the experience of being there, said Rabbitskin who felt alone at previous games. Though he could not hear exactly what his supporters from the North were saying while competing due to a Plexiglas barrier between the audience and the competition, he hear the incessant banging on the glass from the enthusiastic bunch.

Rabbitskin dedicated his victories to the people of his hometown, Mistissini, which brought out even more applause. For him however, the wins would have never been possible without the youth of his community.

"I always think about home when times are hard, I think about up there and the kids up there and that always brings me back up," said Rabbitskin.

"I ALWAYS THINK
ABOUT HOME
WHEN TIMES ARE
HARD, I THINK
ABOUT UP THERE
AND THE KIDS UP
THERE AND THAT
ALWAYS BRINGS ME
BACK UP."



Though he is very proud of his successes at NAIG, Rabbitskin is hoping to take his athletic abilities as far as he can in life. Recounting an address Deputy Grand Chief Ashley Iserhoff made to the Cree athletes, Rabbitskin really took Iserhoff's motivational message to heart.

"Ashley told us to think big. If you want to be a politician, think about becoming the prime minister or the president. That is what he told me and this is what I want to think about now, probably going into the summer Olympic Games," said Rabbitskin.

Gabriel also hopes that the participation of the Crees in this year's games has a ripple effect on the communities in the sense that more kids might be motivated to get into athletic training. Particularly in light of the fact that Mistissini has a new sports complex, Rabbitskin is hoping that it sees a lot of traffic since he understands what kind of a positive effect athletics can have on a young life.

"It keeps your mind open, all that training and hard work!" said Rabbitskin.

At the same time, a life as a swimming champ has meant a great deal of sacrifice for the gold medalist as Rabbitskin has had to forgo plenty of parties and social events with friends to stick to his rigorous six-days-a-week training schedule. Thankfully there were always plenty of people in his corner to keep him motivated, particularly his mother who he credits as being his biggest supporter.

As he is only at the beginning of what is most likely going to be a brilliant athletic career, though Rabbitskin's eyes are looking towards the future, his heart is still in the North. His message to the youth of the Cree Nation was simply, "be proud of what you are, always keep your head up, never put it down," but, most importantly, "think big!"



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Nemaska beating

On the morning of August 13, John Blackned, 36, became the latest victim of a swarming attack perpetrated by yet another group of youths, most of which were minors, said his brother Jim Blackned. The incident happened in Nemaska.

According to Jim Blackned, his brother was attacked "by five females (two were minors and three were over the age of 18) along with two male members (both minors) of a gang known as NWO." Their weapons of choice were apparently 2x4 wood planks.

After the attack, John Blackned was sent to Montreal via medi-vac where he endured eight hours of surgery to reassemble his jaw and teeth. After convalescing in Montreal for over two weeks he was flown back home on August 29.

This latest incident comes just weeks after the Nation reported on a similar incident in Chisasibi where Edward Bearskin was beaten in a similar fashion by a group of youths.

Though the Nation pursued further details from the Nemaska police and comments from both the police commissioner and Youth Protection, neither felt it necessary to share their views with the general public, or discuss what kind of possible action could be taken.

According to various sources, this type of youth violence in Cree communities is rumoured to be on the rise.

The Nation will continue to pursue this story as more details unfold.

First Nations entrepreneur?

Are you a First Nations entrepreneur looking to get a bit of a leg up, develop your business or do some networking?

The First Nations of Quebec and Labrador Economic Development Commission is looking to help you do just that with the First Nations of Quebec Entrepreneurial Forum to be held in Val d'Or on Thursday, September 18, from 9am to 7pm at the Forestel Hotel.

The Forum will be working under the theme "Achieving Success by Sharing" and will serve as part of the beginning of the works for the official implementation of a First Nations of Quebec Business and Partnership Network.

Registration for the event is free and the FNQLEDC is recommending that all First Nations entrepreneurs and organizations interested by First Nations entrepreneurship and economic development should attend the event.

The event will feature presentations, workshops and an exhibition area along with a success story speech by Albert Diamond, president of Air Creebec.

For more information or to register for the event, go to www.cde.pnql.org

Aboriginal law programs needed

Though Sudbury's Laurentian University is still conducting a feasibility study to try to implement a new law school with a focus on Aboriginal law, the Ontario government is flat out denying it funding along with two other Ontario universities that had similar plans.

Laurentian along with Thunder Bay's Lakehead University and Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo had all been vying for funding for new law programs though the province has not funded a new law school opening in 40 years. There are six universities in Ontario that offer law programs.

Laurentian University's law program would have specialized in both Aboriginal and francophone communities and Lakehead's would have centered around Aboriginal and environmental resource law. Both programs were to be geared towards the needs of small northern Ontario communities. Laurier's approach would have offered a more integrative program similar to those offered in the U.S.

Though the number of applicants to Ontario law schools has remained steady in recent years, the Ontario government is looking to channel more funds into medical school programs to meet the

need for new doctors in the province and that is its priority at the present time.

The only university in Ontario that currently offers an Aboriginal law program is London's University of Western Ontario.

Rising Sun Childcare Centre

In November 2008, a new daycare will open its doors in the Montreal neighbourhood of Verdun. The Rising Sun Childcare Centre will provide a positive, nurturing and stimulating environment for First Nations, Inuit and Métis children aged three months to five years.

With the help of the Aboriginal Head Start Program, the Ministère de la Famille et des Aînés has succeeded in providing a program that will include culture and language, health promotion, nutrition, safety, social support and parental involvement in a safe environment.

Registration for the Rising Sun Childcare Centre is taking place until September 18. There are 80 spaces which will all be filled. The centre is also looking for an Assistant Director. For more information, to register or to apply for the posting, call the centre's director Alana-Dawn Phillips, at 514-452-0075 or email at cperisingsun@gmail.com.

Election results in Eeyou Istchee

Former Chisasibi Chief Abraham Rupert is the new CRA/Council Board Member for his community.

Former Chief Kenneth Gilpin is the CRA/Council Board Member for Eastmain.

The new School Commissioner in Mistissini is Kathleen Wooten.

Correction

In the article "The Spirit of the Island" by Ernest Webb, on pages 14-17 in Volume 15 issue No. 20, Mamoweedow Minshtukch was erroneously identified as the Mamoweedow Minshtuksh. The Nation regrets the error and any resulting confusion or inconvenience it may have caused.

OLD MAN RIVER

Soon the powerful Rupert River will be silent with only the stories of its glorious past to give it a voice

By Ndiamon Photos by Richard Lawson



Note the life jacket kids!



On the menu, sturgeon head soup



The American proudly identified the Bald Eagle

A year ago my brother and I made a pact to travel down the river our father and grandfathers worked for many summers. They paddled up and down the Rupert in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company several times a summer. My father George Diamond started when he was a boy. He would dash to the end of a portage and whip up a dish of bannock and tea before the first load got there.

Many times a new employee fresh from England would be transported upriver to his post miles inland. The managers rarely lifted a paddle but would sit imperiously mid-ship. The Cree would laugh and ask who would wipe the man's ass when the time came. My father grew into manhood traveling up and down the river. He loved to tell how the exhausted men would change into their best clothes and would paddle faster before they sighted Nemaska. A feast, a dance and charming girls to woo waited beyond that last point.



The Rupert is high and flows fast this summer, the result of heavy rains and deep snows from the past winter. At every rapid powerful eddies and whirlpools form and the current reverses, flowing upstream and back down again. Canoes accelerate, change direction and slow to a crawl in the space of a few feet. This is not a river for the weekend canoeist.

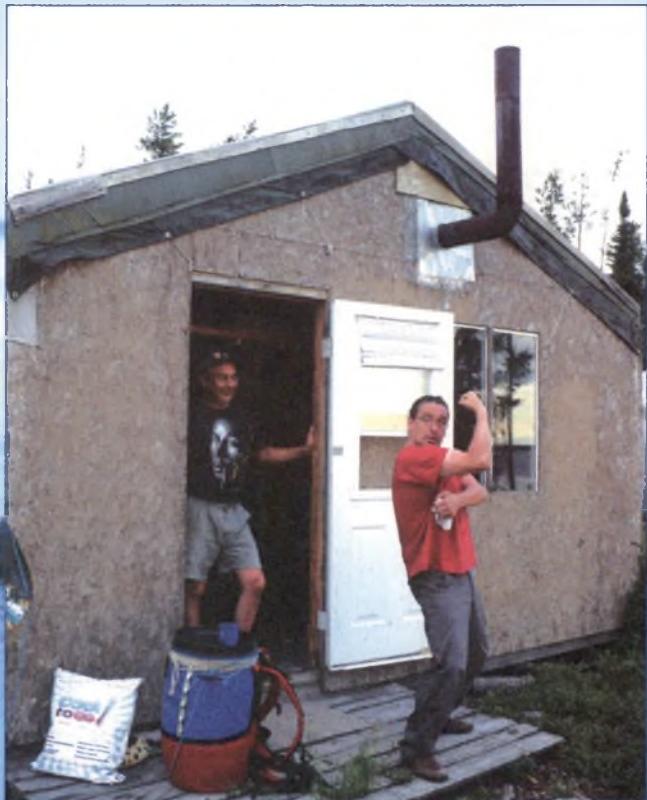
Our Indian guide had only been on this part of the river once the past week and his memory of the river's twists and turns was a bit fuzzy. A late start brought us to a fast part of the river and the deep rumble of white water as the sun dipped. A spinning eddy caught us unaware and nearly capsized us just metres from the portage. Accusations of incompetence were exchanged, the first of many to come.

A quick grueling portage later and we are back on water. The guide fires off a few quick words of advice, "Follow me, keep the canoe in line with the flow and don't get too close." We paddle towards the current and it grabs hold of our canoe sending it past rocks and huge waves. We reach calm water exhilarated and wet.

The night is starless and the river like glass as we strain to find our camp – Freddy Jolly's cabin, 15 kilometres from the Route Du Nord. I was here with Freddy three years ago and my memory is good. There it is, its windows reflecting what light's left. We fry up some frozen sausages with a tiny brook trout and rice, wash it down with tea and tuck in. Deep into



The American fishes



Niles displays the newly formed guns as the Indian guide chuckles



Breakfast of champions



Canoeing through the bush



Our Indian guide gettin' 'er done

the night the American lets out a pained shout. He claims the following morning that his legs were cramping. I suspect vivid dreams of flying down dangerous waters.

A fine morning with golden light streaming through the windows. We make a quick meal of instant porridge and Montreal-style espresso, our only luxury, and we're off. Within throwing distance from our camp is a "Bashdingan," a small rapid people don't run. The canoes are roped and floated down the swift water. There are signs of Hydro-Québec's work on an island in the middle of the river, denuded with a rough wooden helicopter pad. A few kilometres down we hit another rapid. We stop our canoes by holding on to bushes and trail through wet bush to scout ahead. Our Indian guide points the way through. He leads as we weave our way through rocks and churning water. We pass our first test.

The Rupert does most of the work for us but we must do our part. Sections of it meander and our flabby bodies work nonstop. Hunger comes quickly and we munch on energy bars we would never think to eat elsewhere. The bush makes everything taste better. One more rapid to run and the Indian guide deems it a pretty spot to rest. Sturgeon, onions and garlic sizzle in the pan as the American casts in the calm spot. I swim in the cold water and there is much "shrinkage." We dry off and catch a few winks in the burning sun.

"OLD NEMASKA IS A GHOST TOWN. BATS FLY AROUND AND THE ONLY HUMAN PRESENCE IS BILLY METTAWESKUM. HE IS GUTTING STURGEON AND BLASTING BILLY IDOL."

We come upon an unusual sight – sandy dunes amidst the boreal forest. We land to investigate. The beach reminds us of the tropics. We've no time to frolic so we snap a few photographs and push off amazed. Our Indian guide is way ahead so we paddle hard to catch up. It's useless, there are many distractions and discussions on "canoemanship" and we are lazy in the sun. Far ahead we hear the whine of a motor and we know we are near another camp. Two hours later we are still straining to catch up.

Finally we paddle alongside our guide and a large camp comes into view. It's the Moar's fishing spot. A helicopter takes off flying scientists who are measuring the river's flow. We wonder why they are still taking readings. Didn't they submit all their findings to the authorities? They're blasting rock sky-high and stripping the land bare miles up river for the diversion and they're still measuring the river's flow? Something's fishy here and it's not what they haul from nets. We are exhausted and fall asleep before dinner hour and wake up with aching muscles as squadrons of mosquitoes buzz about. As the Whites are wont to do, the American renames this place "Mosquito Bay." We sleep in, breakfast groggily and head out.

An eagle is perched on a treetop. We veer for a closer look and a photograph. It is fearless and we come within 20 feet before it flies off. A few more bends in the river we see a young thin bear standing on its hind legs. It stares for a moment and disappears into the forest. The river quiets and we glide past perfect spots to make camp but we came without shelter.

Our Indian guide announces we are nearing "Genomee," the long rapid. We pass by a small camp in fast water and a female voice calls out a greeting. We wave and continue on more interested in a quick bite to eat. We find out later that they are archaeologists unearthing pre-Columbian pottery.

We hear "Genomee" long before we see its white water. The portage is mercifully short but rough. We sit on a rock and eat, enjoying the cool breeze generated by the huge rapid. We still have hours to paddle and a storm looms in the distance. We are feeling more confident in fast water and the American snap photos of our Indian guide as he weaves through rocks. "Paddle!" I shout. He puts his camera away and we fly downstream.

Our Indian guide veers right before the last boulder. The American turns the canoe to follow. I wonder why we don't

"HIGH ON THE SHORE OF THE
RIVER LIES A GRAVE, AN OLD
MAN AND A CHILD ARE BURIED
TOGETHER. THE OLD MAN
SAID HIS GRAVE WOULD NEVER
BE FLOODED THERE. IT APPEARS
HE SAW THROUGH TIME. IN A
FEW SHORT MONTHS THE
SINGING ROAR OF THE
RUPERT'S MANY FALLS
AND RAPIDS WILL
FADE TO A TRICKLE."



Beautiful morning on the Rupert

just go straight with the current. We are right in front of the rock and sitting high in the canoe as our Indian guide shouts, "Soohk! Paddle!"

I feel the canoe tip and my last thought is thank the Lord I'm wearing a life jacket! I don't even feel the cold as I go under. I grip my paddle and hold fast to the canoe. My feet hitting rocks. My boots are coming off. We drift into gentle water and the American boards the other canoe and we head for shore.

A container of bug spray floats away. Our camera and its precious cargo have to be safe. We reach land and find the camera dead. Amazingly everything that wasn't secured to the canoe is still with us. A zip-lock bag with the last of our tobacco and toilet paper is full of water. The paper's soaked but, a miracle, the tobacco is dry. A wet discussion follows. A slight depression descends at the idea of a wealth of photographs possibly lost to the river forever.

Rain begins to fall and the wind blows as we canoe out onto a widening river. Point after point of land lies ahead and our arms burn and we curse the wind. The river narrows and the lake stills. We're almost there, Old Nemaska. We paddle past the last point and there it is, we can almost smell it, the abandoned community. The last few hundred metres feel like miles.

Old Nemaska is a ghost town. Bats fly around and the only human presence is Billy Mettaweskum. He is gutting sturgeon and blasting Billy Idol. He replenishes our tobacco supply and feeds us a chunk of his catch. We hang our gear to dry in the wind and the cabin's rafters and fall asleep.

Rain. The American's birthday and he's happy. We're 65 kilometres from our destination. Our Indian guide decides to wait. Hours pass but the sky won't let up. If we don't leave now the day will disappear and we land in darkness.

Nemaska Lake is beautiful in the rain. We pause to admire the pictographs near the outlet to the Rupert. A short portage brings us to a calm and short winding river. Another portage reveals the Rupert proper – 15 kilometres of a wide Rupert, a mile long at its widest. Again rain but little wind. We reach the last big rapid and make lunch. We portage all of our gear and shoot the rapids right down the middle of the river.

We've paddled 45 kilometres with 20 to go before we reach the falls at the James Bay highway. The rain has left us and the river's fast. Bend after bend in the river passes and night is falling. Finally we hear the roar of "Oatmeal falls." The accelerating current sends us past our guide and we enter the last rapid before the river drops. We fight over who will control the way to the very end. "Left!" "No! Right!" We make it through the rough water both agreeing we don't make a very good team. The canoe scrapes over a rocky beach as we land.

Long ago the men of the HBC canoe brigades and their fathers before them covered the distance we did in half the time without breaking a sweat. The Rupert, as we learned, is unforgiving of the slightest mistake. The River received its name in the mid-1600s in honour of Prince Rupert, the nephew of King Charles I and the first governor of the HBC. Its Cree name Waskaganishiu Sibi appeared around the same time. Perhaps the upper part was called Mistissini Sibi and the middle Nemaskau Sibi. Then again, such a massive important route might have claimed one name, now forgotten.

On a sandy rise by the shore of the river lies a grave. An old man and a child are buried together, victims of a famine. It is said that the old man chose this spot to be their resting place. The story also goes that in his final words he said that, here, his grave would never be flooded. The old man, it appears, saw through time. His bones rest below the dam that will divert the river north to the La Grande. In a few short months the singing roar of its many falls and rapids will fade to a trickle. All that will remain will be its many stories.



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Land of Hidden Treasures

By Jeditat Matoush

The Cree Regional Authority and Niskamoon have begun a program called the Boumhounan Archeology and Cultural Heritage program. Under the Boumhounan agreement, Hydro-Québec has been assisting them in an archeological search for ancient artifacts. The sum of \$2.5 million will be distributed by Niskamoon over a period of seven years to help Cree people discover some of their land's hidden treasures.

All the areas that will soon be affected by the diversion of the Rupert River will be closely examined. Archeologists have been curious about the area for the past six years, but always limited their search to above the location where the dam will be built. This year the Cree people of the surrounding communities had a meeting and decided they wanted to know what could be found south of the diversion location, a decision they haven't regretted. Now, Elders from that area are being interviewed and filmed in order to record not only the land's physical aspects but its stories and legends.

The CRA has gathered Cree youth from Waskaganish, Nemaska and Mistissini for help. Niskamoon is making sure that these young people have the proper training and are assisted by professional archeologists and tallymen. "We are including all the communities that will be affected by the Rupert diversion," said Jamie Stevens from the CRA in Nemaska.

Similarly, in 2003, young people and Elders from different communities gathered together before the land around the Eastmain River was flooded. They traveled with archeologists and learned how to search their land for artifacts. An interesting film made by Jean-Guillaume Caplain called *Twilight of a Land*, follows these young people on their journey showing them finding arrowheads and ancient fireplaces all the while being taught and guided from the archeologists and the Elders.

Right now they are digging 50-x-50 cms holes which they call tests pits, looking up the places where the Elders and tallymen lived centuries ago. Hydro-Québec is working on its own archeology sites in partnership with Niskamoon and together they have found everything from arrowheads to stone chips, ceramic, red ochre and even pictographs that were made with a mix of ochre, bear grease and egg yolk. Also found and tested were some pieces of charcoal, enabling archeologists to go back as far as 4000 years ago!

Two different kinds of quartzite have been discovered as well – the James Bay lowland quartzite and the Mistassini quartzite. What is interesting about this is that the Mistassini quartzite can only be found at a place people call "Collines Blanche" which is around Temiscamie River, east of Mistassini Lake and would have been impossible to flow down the Rupert River or be moved by nature. This has made archeologists believe that the quartzite was brought there by people,



perhaps by trade between the Cree, similar to the trade that was done with the Europeans years later.

Another important discovery was traces of ceramic. "So far we've found evidence that leads us to believe that the people of the North may have made pottery, this introduces a totally new element into the history of northern Amerindian peoples," commented an archeologist working at the Rupert jobsite for Hydro-Québec.

In the beginning of the searches, ceramic was found and proved to have been made by the Iroquois people from the St. Lawrence Valley or other locations. Now though, it has been proven that other traces of ceramic had been made on site, most likely by the Cree people themselves.

Stevens found it important to underline the reasons why the Cree people of the surrounding communities are finding it so essential to study the area. "Everyone is focused on the dam," she said "the land is not being bothered with. After the dam is built, the land will never be the same; the environment around the Rupert River will change. That is why we are doing it now."

André Burroughs from the Hydro-Québec office in Montreal agrees with Stevens. "There are zones that will have its trees cut down, others that will be flooded. This is why we are doing this now, to record history before it disappears."

Some of the artifacts are being kept at the Rupert Camp under supervision of the government. Whether you are Cree or not, those who have the chance should go and see what people of long ago left behind for us to learn from.

Rewarding classrooms!

Welcome back to a new school year. Your hard work and dedication to learning will bring you tremendous success.

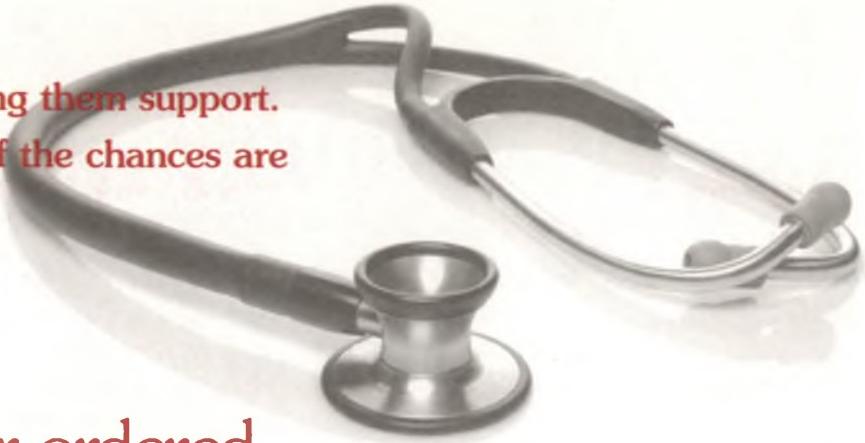
Following in the paths of these celebrated graduates of 2007-2008, you are the proud future of the Cree Nation!



Cree School Board Post Secondary Student Services

2007-2008 Graduates List

| Name | Community Of Origin | Institution Name | Program |
|---------------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Bearskin-House, Theresa | Chisasibi | Algonquin College | Office Admin. General |
| Chewanish, Gary | Chisasibi | Carleton University | B.A. Mathematics |
| Duff, Christine | Chisasibi | Algonquin College | General Arts & Science |
| Matthew, Pauline | Chisasibi | Algonquin College | Office Admin. Executive |
| Napash, Gracie | Chisasibi | Algonquin College | G.A.S. - Aboriginal |
| Napash, Ruthie | Chisasibi | Algonquin College | Office Admin. Executive |
| Pachano, Daniel | Chisasibi | Algonquin College | Architectural Technician |
| Rupert - Pepabano, Irene | Chisasibi | Canadore College | Social Service Worker |
| Rupert, Hugo | Chisasibi | Cégep Heritage | Electronic Technology |
| Rupert, Leslie | Chisasibi | Collège Herzing (Montreal) | Micro Computers & Network Admin. |
| Loon (Petawabano), Minnie | Mistissini | St. Lawrence College | Office Admin. - General |
| Petawabano, Roberta | Mistissini | Cégep Heritage | Nursing |
| Petawabano, Sophie | Mistissini | Algonquin College | G.A.S. - Aboriginal |
| Trapper, Harriet | Mistissini | Algonquin College | General Arts & Science |
| Wapachee, Suzie | Nemaska | Algonquin College | Business - Accounting |
| Bosum, Annie | Ouje-Bougoumou | Algonquin College | Library & Information Technician |
| Mianscum, Gordon | Ouje-Bougoumou | Canadore College | G.A.S. - Aboriginal |
| Mianscum, Jamie Fawn | Ouje-Bougoumou | Canadore College | Indigenous Wellness |
| Ciccanti, Wanda | Waskaganish | Algonquin College | Practical Nursing |
| Hester, Suzanne | Waskaganish | Humber College | Business Management |
| Kistabish, Noka | Waskaganish | College Boreal | Social Work |
| Moar, Victoria J. | Waskaganish | Sault College | Social Service Worker- Native |
| Salt, Cheryl | Waskaganish | Canadore College | G.A.S. - Aboriginal |
| Taylor, Daniel | Waskaganish | Cégep Heritage | Electronic Technology |
| Bolduc-Blacksmith, Kim | Waswanipi | Cégep de l'Outaouais | Natural Science |
| Kitchen-Bearskin, Jordana | Waswanipi | Algonquin College | G.A.S. - Aboriginal |
| Moore, Flora | Waswanipi | Laurentian University | B.A. Native Human Services |
| Blackned, Alice | Wemindji | Algonquin College | G.A.S. - Aboriginal |
| Danyluk, Holly | Wemindji | University of Ottawa | B.A. Public Policy |
| Monaghan, Tania D. | Wemindji | University of Windsor | LL.B |
| Mamianskum, Roy | Whapmagoostui | Algonquin College | Small & Medium Enterprise Management |



**"We are a whole team here giving them support.
We want to make sure that all of the chances are
on their side."**

Mireille Fortier

Just what the doctor ordered

Chibougamau's Cégep de St-Félicien offers a solution for all those looking for a nursing program adapted to the needs of the Cree Nation

By Amy German

This past August, 30 new students from the Cree communities embarked on a four-year-long journey to become Chibougamau's Cégep de St-Félicien first class of anglophone nurses in a program that is specifically geared towards graduating Cree students.

"One of the advantages is that because we are so close to the communities, it's much easier for a lot of them to come to the college and at the same time stay in contact with their communities, their families and friends," said Mireille Fortier, a pedagogical councilor from the program.

Though the program offered by the Ordre des infirmières et infirmiers du Québec usually runs only two years, St-Félicien's program has been adapted as a four-year program so to accommodate both the educational and cultural needs of Cree students.

For those who require them, upgrading courses will be offered in conjunction with the regular nursing program for those who were not able to access them within their communities.

As this program was developed for those specifically coming from the Cree communities, taking into consideration that many of the students also have families, it works on a schedule unlike any other nursing program in the province. Students will be given time off in October, extended time at Christmas, a March break, Easter holidays, and time off for Goose Break and in the summers so that parents will be able to tend to their children when they are not in school.

With more time off, students who also have families will also be less inclined to become stressed out when it comes to the school life/home life conflict, explained Fortier. As St-Félicien is a smaller Cegep, it was easy for the school to make the accommodations.

"We are a whole team here giving them support. We want to make sure that all of the chances are on their side," said Fortier.

The Ministry of Education, Cégep de St-Félicien, Cree Human Resources Development, Cree School Board, Cree Health Board and Emploi-Québec all came together as partners to create this program as a means of addressing the Cree communities need to hire 100 new nurses.

The CHB will also help to coordinate field-work experience for these students in anglophone hospital settings and funding for students to attend the program will be made available through the CHRD and the CSB.

Students who graduate from the brand-new program will have two options upon graduation when it comes to practicing either within the communities or in the rest of the province as the standard French proficiency examination will be optional. Students who chose to take the proficiency course will be able to practice anywhere whereas those who do not will be legally licensed but only to practice within the Cree communities. Though the program is taught entirely in English, French courses will be available to all those interested.

Those who wish to enter the nursing program must have completed Secondary Five and have passed both physical science and chemistry.

According to Fortier, so far the program is going well and she was delighted to announce that amongst the 30 students registered, there are three male students.

"They might be the instigators to get more men into the program and we are really happy about it and proud of them," said Fortier.

In that this program will not only help to provide its students with gainful long-term employment, address the community's nursing shortage and allow for the Crees to care for their own people medically, Fortier could only describe this opportunity as a "dream come true!"

Though the website for this specific program is still under development, more information on Cégep de St-Félicien can be found at www.cstfelicien.qc.ca

EDUCATION WITH REWARDS

After just one year, Dabwetamun Academy proves its Christian-based curriculum is winning hearts and minds

By Will Nicholls

Crees and schools run by Christian orders go a long way back. All the way back to Moose Factory or La Tuque for prime examples of the residential-school policies. This is why it was hard to look at the Dabwetamun Academy without having a concern.

The concerns were groundless to say the least. Dabwetamun Academy is an Accelerated Christian Education system. In a time when parents were being taken to task for non-participation they were the ones who wanted and started this school. After looking at it I realize it is a viable alternative to Mistissini's educational choices. In the past students either attended Voyager Memorial School or went by bus to Chibougamau's MacLean Memorial School. The academy is so successful that children attending it aren't just the children of Mistissini residents. One student has come from Wemindji, another from Waswanipi and one from Nemaska.

Students who go to Dabwetamun Academy – set up last year – undergo a diagnostic test to see what level they are really at in math, spelling, science and English in terms of learning levels. "We try to help them fill in their gaps to bring them up to the level they should be learning at rather than the chronological age," said Cathy Lemmert, director of the school.

She admitted that most of them had tested lower than their age would be expected to know. "Some tested four levels or grades behind normal standards. We had three students who did a year and half to two years of school work in one year in the last year."

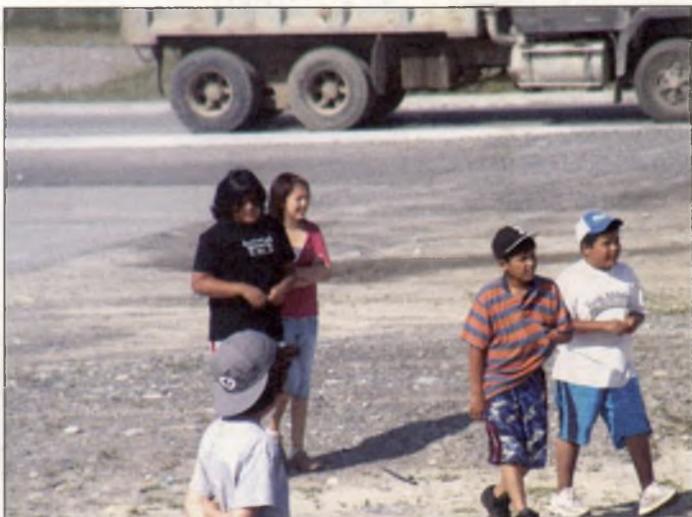
Lemmert said she didn't like to compare the Christian school program to the local school but this alternative is for parents who want that individual approach to schooling. "In

the public system the child is placed in an age group with other students. In ACE, the philosophy is every child is different regardless of age. So they are placed at a level that they can learn at. It could be higher in English than math or higher in science than English. We determine that so they can achieve," said Lemmert.

"PARENTS RUN THE SCHOOL AND HAVE THEIR OWN PARENTS COMMITTEE. THEY MAKE THE DECISIONS AND WE WORK FOR THEM. IT'S THEIR SCHOOL."

"We have a tremendous reward system. For each page or booklet they finish they are given a congratulation slip and are called up to the front of the class and all the kids clap." The paper is then taken home to show the parents who can see the progress the students are making.

As part of the reward system each student has a bankbook in which merit is accumulated. Each school booklet they finish is worth 200 merits. If they help around the school with chores or cleaning up they get more merits. If a student is spotted helping or being especially kind to another student they are also rewarded with merit points. While these merit points aren't money, once a week the merit shop is opened up and



students can use their merits to buy what's in the shop. This system has the added bonus of teaching students about debits, credits and bank balances. "The kids, even the older ones, love the merit shop," said Lemmert.

The rewards are bought by both the school and the parents from the Dollar Store, Wal-Mart or other places.

Parents play an important part in the school and "there's good involvement" according to Lemmert. "They run the school and have their own parents committee. They make the decisions and we work for them. It's their school."

She says this encourages involvement especially when they see their children achieving and happy about it. Some Mistissini residents have gone even further as evidenced by the computers donated by Jim MacLeod of MacLeod Exploration.

"We have a good atmosphere," said Lemmert. Part of this is due to the 65 character traits the students learn throughout the school year. Kindness, diligence and forgiveness are some of the traits integrated into the program. "The staff is trained to be very positive with the children. They are discouraged from saying that students are doing it the wrong way."

One of the great things about the Dabwetamun Academy program is the goal setting. At the end of the day students plan out what they will be doing the next day. They learn to determine what is within their ability to do. "We teach them to set realistic goals," said Lemmert. Too ambitious means you can't accomplish the tasks and too lazy means you aren't working to your potential. It means that each student knows exactly what they will be doing and accomplishing the next school day. "We teach new students at the beginning of the year and they catch on very fast," said Lemmert. Anything not finished becomes homework but some students become so enthusiastic they ask for homework.



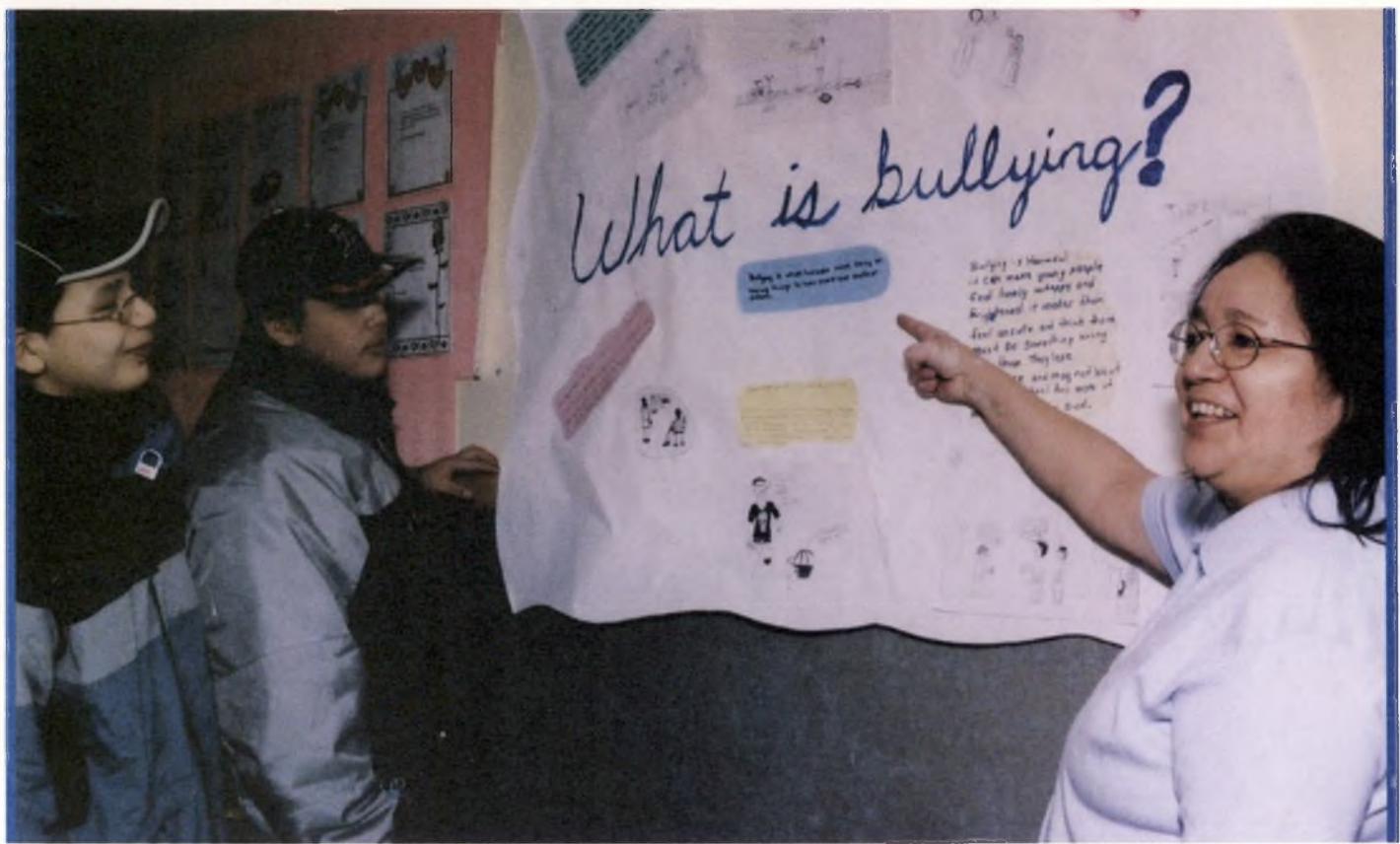
Dabwetamun Academy has been approved by the Quebec Ministry of Education. It currently teaches grades one through six. They have 35 students but are allowed 45 and there's a waiting list.

Standards are high at the academy with 80% being the passing grade for each test. With 85% of the students achieving this it's no wonder the school is a success and parents are willing to pay the tuition rates of \$4,200 for the first child and \$4,000 for the second. A one-time fee of \$200 is charged for new students to cover testing and administrative costs.

Deputy Grand Chief Ashley Iserhoff has gone to the school to congratulate the students for their dedication and achievements. He also said the parents showed great initiative in operating this type of school.

A photograph of a woman with long dark hair pulled back in a braid, looking out over a body of water and a dense forest. The scene is framed by a yellow border. Overlaid on the image is text in orange and yellow.

**Best wishes to all students
in the coming year**
from the Nation



BULLYING: INFORMATION FOR PARENTS

Louise Dessertine, M.A. Psychologist.

For the Community of Waskaganish, July 2007

Taken from a text by the Canberra Department of Education, Australia

Bullying among children at school is a serious matter. Bullying has always happened, and there is nothing to suggest it is better or worse now than in the past. Adults have become more aware of the effects of bullying on children in recent years.

However, just because it has always happened is not a reason to let it go on.

Bullying is not a normal part of growing up and it is not part of any "toughening process" that a child has to go through. It can seriously harm a child physically and emotionally.

Parents have a very important role in helping their child cope with bullying. Children who are being bullied usually turn first to their parents for help, but often they put up with a lot of hurt before they tell anybody.

What is bullying?

Bullying is repeated incidents involving:

- a bigger, stronger or more powerful child on a smaller or weaker child, or

- a group of children on a single child.

These might be:

- Verbal: the child is called names, put down, threatened.
- Physical: the child is hit, tripped, poked, kicked, or belongings are stolen or damaged.
- Social: the child is left out, ignored, or rumors are spread.
- Psychological: the child is stalked or given dirty looks.

Bullying is different from ordinary teasing, rough-and-tumble or schoolyard fights. What makes it different is that the incidents are ongoing, and there is usually an imbalance of size, strength and power between the children involved.

The bully might have power not only because he or she is bigger and stronger, but because other children side with the bully often to protect themselves.

Research shows:

- Boys are more often bullied by a single individual; girls more often by groups. There is not much difference between the number of boys and girls who suffer from bullying.

- The size of the school, or whether the school is single-sex or co-educational, it makes no significant difference to the amount of bullying that goes on.
- Children are most often bullied when they are in their first few years of primary school and again in their first few years of secondary school.

What are the signs?

Bullying may be very hard to see. The victims may already be having trouble getting on with other children or with teachers. Children are sometimes picked on by bullies for this reason.

Bullying usually happens out of sight, away from teachers or other adults. The people who are most likely to know what is going on are other children.

Children who are being bullied often don't like to tell anyone because they feel weak or ashamed, or are frightened that it will only make things worse. They also feel it is wrong to "tell" on other children.

If they tell anyone, it is most likely they will tell their parents — usually their mother — or their friends before they will tell a teacher.

Some tell-tale signs of bullying.

When several of these behaviors are noted, the child may be being bullied:

- bruises, scratches or cuts that your child can't really explain;
- torn or damaged clothing;
- damaged or missing belongings;
- headaches, stomach aches and other pains that the child can't put a finger on;
- unexplained tears or depression;
- unusual outbursts of temper;
- not wanting to go to school;
- not wanting to play with friends;
- wanting changes in the way your child goes to and from school;
- school work falls off in quality; and
- wanting extra money without giving a reason.

What can the parent do?

By the time children tell their parents they are being bullied, they may have tried everything they can to deal with it on their own. Telling parents is often a very hard step to take.

Children need to:

- feel believed and listened to;
- trust that the parents will help the child handle it;
- provide opportunities for the child to speak openly about what has happened;
- gain some control over what is happening;
- learn things they can do to protect themselves; and
- regain self-confidence.

It helps if parents:

- involve the children in making decisions about what to do (avoid taking over)
- listen to what children say;
- tell them they understand.

It does not help if parents:

- get angry or upset;
- feel guilty or ashamed;
- make the children think it is not important;
- blame the children;
- blame the school;
- accuse people without knowing the facts;

- look for scapegoats;
- demand to know all the details at once; and
- look for easy solutions.

Many parents do get angry, quite understandably, and want to go to the school and sort it out RIGHT AWAY! Some parents may remember being bullied themselves as children and may become extremely upset.

Going directly to the school is not usually the best way to handle the situation, the child will almost certainly be reluctant to involve the school because something they would rather keep quiet could be spread around. The child might feel at risk of the bully taking revenge.

As a first step, it is usually best to:

- encourage the child to talk through it as far as he or she wants to, so you get the basic facts straight; remembering you are hearing one part of the story, ask questions gently;
- help the child reflect on what has been done so far; and
- help the child work out what might be done.

It is a good idea to write down what you find out.

The next steps:

- Don't try to sort out the bullying yourself. This rarely works and often makes matters worse.
- Once you have a clear picture of the situation, and some idea about how you and the child would prefer to handle it, contact the school.
- Make an appointment to see the principal or the class teacher or someone you think would be best to see. Don't barge in.
- Present the information you have as calmly as possible.
- Do it in a way that makes it clear to the school that you see yourself and the school as partners in trying to fix this problem. Tell the school what you and your child would like to do, and ask them for ideas as well.
- Ask about the school's policy on bullying.
 - o Most schools have a policy on responding to bullying. Your school will be as concerned as you to deal with the problem.
 - o The school will need time to investigate the matter and to talk to teachers, other students and even other

parents if that's the best thing to do. Remember the school staff may not have seen the incidents and it is not always easy to judge if it is bullying or play that has gone too far.

Make a note of what the school says it will do, and arrange to make a follow-up meeting.

Helping your child cope

If the bullying is happening on the way to or from school, see if your child can go a different way or join up with other children. This might help while things are being sorted out. It might also be possible for your child to be paired with another more robust child for the time being too. The school could help with this.

If your child finds it hard to make friends, encourage them to make a special effort. One good friend can make a big difference.

Invite school friends home to strengthen the relationships begun at school.

Talk to your child about some of the things that have happened, and discuss some ways of dealing with them, such as:

- pretending not to hear hurtful comments;
- using silent 'self-talk' such as, 'That's their problem, not mine', or, 'I'm OK', to reinforce self-confidence;
- developing greater self-assertiveness, so as to be able to face the bully without becoming scared, upset, abusive or violent; and
- believing that it is OK to tell someone when bullying happens – that it is not "telling on the other child".

It is important that children understand the difference between "telling on other children" and reporting something that is serious. Bullying is serious. People get hurt, and some are harmed for a long time. Children have said that being bullied is one of the worst things that can happen to them.

Where to get more information

In addition to visiting your school, or the schools you are interested in, there are several places you can go for more information, including:

- the school council or board members,
- the school-based parent organizations,
- your Board of Education, (Cree School Board)

A Failing Grade

The results of the Cree School Board's Educational Review are finally in and, according to them, things are not looking great

By Amy German

Following the Mianscum report that came out in the late 1990s, the Cree School Board decided that it was time once again to look into the kind of education that was being delivered to its people.

In that the Mianscum report detailed how what the CSB was offering to students was not up to standards, a "global education plan" was developed to improve the schools, particularly in terms of pedagogical or instructional delivery. The latest review, which was conducted by a panel of experts over the course of the 2007-2008 school year, was intended to look at how well the plan was being implemented in terms of both accountability and improvement.

Unfortunately, according to CSB chairman Gordon Blackned, "we did not really improve when we developed the objectives and the goals of the Global Education Plan."

Starting with staffing, Blackned pointed at the kinds of problems that have plagued the CSB since its inception. It was the panel's recommendation that counseling and academic support services be stepped up to aid the students. However the board has consistently had problems both engaging and retaining psycho-educators.

At that, the CSB has struggled exponentially more than southern schools when it came to hiring quality teachers with good teaching credentials.

Between sick leaves and other forms of extended leaves coupled by a high resignation rate, "our teacher retention is very, very low and it has always been," said Blackned.

The difficulties within the CSB were not exclusive to who was delivering the knowledge to the Cree Nation but what that knowledge was and how it was being taught.

"The problem is that we don't have a good learning process being delivered by our teachers. This is where we are at right now," said Blackned.

Beginning with the introduction of languages, for the time being a "complete fresh start" is being recommended for kindergarten classes with the languages of instruction being English and French as opposed to Cree.

Though this would only be temporary until a "mastery of Cree in sequenced learning outcomes" is developed for kindergarten to Secondary Five, the premise is that children are not learning sufficient language skills in the onset of schooling which hinders their performance down the line. Though Cree would by no means be eliminated from the curriculum, until a viable program is developed, those who wrote the report are suggesting that the CSB go with what exists within the Ministry of Education system.

In terms of the ministry, since the CSB began administering the same provincial exams as rest of the province back in

2004, the graduation rates have dropped significantly with many struggling to get diplomas if not at all.

Though the CSB guaranteed a viable curriculum, something that was to be standard throughout the board, it has not been homogeneously implemented in all of its schools.

"The CSB has struggled exponentially more than southern schools when it came to hiring quality teachers with good teaching credentials."

"We presumed that teachers were teaching according to what they were supposed to be teaching and, in effect, according to the review, they weren't. There were certain things that went wayward and that mainly has to do with different changes in the teachers, from program to program, level to level," said Blackned.

At the same time, the CSB and its teachers are not entirely to blame as parents too are stakeholders when it comes to the education of their children, the report stated. The extreme lack in parental participation when it came to parent-teacher meetings was also a large factor when it came to students' performance as issues do not get resolved when the problem-solving is only one-sided.

"The teachers and the school staff also feel as though they are not getting that kind of support from the parents because of certain times when children act up and get into trouble, they will want to meet with the parents to discuss the matter but the parents don't show up," said Blackned.

Though Blackned was very clear to point out that this is not the case with every family, as some are very helpful and supportive, the lack of parental participation also contributes to absenteeism and truancy amongst the student population.

What he would like to see is parents behaving more like educators for their own children in the sense that not only interact more often with the schools but that they also actively participate in their child's learning outside of the schools.

Though, according to Blackned, the dust has yet to settle from the impact of the report, the CSB will be responding swiftly to develop a new curriculum along with a framework for it and in the long run a Cree Education Act.

For as much as work on the new curriculum began last year through CSB-hired educational consultants, at the present time it is unknown as to how long it will be before the new curriculum will be finalized, approved and then implemented.

My Brother John Always searching for answers

By Allan Saganash Jr.



Like all other school survivors I have heard the apology from the federal government concerning the residential-school era.

The apology was done on national TV on June 11, 2008 and if you missed it I am sure someone told you about it.

I have been asked to forgive and with the recent compensation payments allocated to survivors this was to help forget all the bad things that happened in residential schools and in my case while I was attending the Shingwauk Indian Residential School in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

Sometimes I find it much easier to forgive but find it extremely difficult to forget. I say that because there are things that happen to us in life we just can't forget. They can be good memories or they can be just plain bad.

The latter are the things we try to forget but they are etched in our minds forever. Sometimes our minds work in a funny way but that's the way life is.

I will forgive the federal government, the churches for the hurt, the suffering they have inflicted upon my family when they took me away to attend a residential school. I will forgive them for the

loneliness I suffered, the pain I endured on being separated from my mom and dad, the confusion I experienced from cultural shock and all the times they hit me or kicked me for no reason.

But I will never forget nor will I forgive them for what they took away from us until they bring back my brother where he rightfully belongs.

This story is shared to all the people that have suffered the same fate as my

"IT JUST BROKE MY LITTLE HEART WHEN THEY TOOK HIM AWAY ALTHOUGH I NEVER KNEW I WOULD NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN."

mom and dad or to the people whose children never returned from school.

One of my fondest memories was going to school for the first time. I was excited in more ways than one. After all this is where my older brother John went the last time I saw him.

I was only seven years old at the time and I always imagined I would meet him there. After all my parents did tell me when he left for school that I would go with him the following year.

My story starts at home the year was 1957. The family was somewhere in the bush on my dad's hunting ground. We were like maybe 80 miles from the little island village known as the Waswanipi Post.

It was sometime on a cold crispy day in the latter part of January while I was playing outside in my rabbit fur outfit, my mom suddenly picks me up and takes me inside the winter camp. I remember her saying that someone was coming from the lake on snowshoes. Our visitor was Bertie Happyjack. He was with my brother Wally Saganash.

It has always been my understanding even at six years old (I would be seven in March) that when you had visitors everyone was happy. But this time something was wrong. Everyone in that winter camp was crying. I mean it was hard for me to understand why full-grown adults were crying. Only children cried I thought.

I was not old enough to completely understand what was going on therefore I was not told that our visitor had brought some very bad and disturbing news that shocked everyone in that winter camp.

The news was that my brother had died while attending the residential school in Moose Factory, Ontario. Someone from the federal government agency had told Bertie Happyjack, who knew where our camp was, to go and inform William Saganash that his son John Saganash had died and that he was buried on December 6, 1956.

John was my older brother; he was my best friend, my companion, my idol. He was the person in my life that paid the most attention to me.

He was much like my younger brother Romeo, a little on the dark side of the family but he was my whole life. We played together, we did everything together. We were inseparable and we needed each other. I have two daughters – Joanne and Micheline – who were like that when they were kids and I have two grandchildren like that now – Benson and Eldon – who are “always together”. Maybe this is a message from God that life keeps repeating itself. When I look at these two kids, they remind me a lot of my brother John and I. Thank God the residential-school era has ended.

My brother John had left for school that fall sometime in September of 1956 and I wanted to go with him so badly I cried for a very long time after he left. It just broke my little heart when they took him away although I never knew I would never see him again.

I had no other brother to play together with after John left and I felt so alone and cried a lot according to my mom.

My mom would tell me afterwards the last time she saw John, he was looking at us through a small window of an otter bush plane which would take him away from us forever. He had this funny look on his face like he was so scared and ready to cry. I guess he saw me crying and he did not want to leave me.

The plane left and that was the last time I saw my brother John. He never came back. They took him away and never brought him back. How can you forget or forgive someone that does that to you.

Spring came that year when John passed away and as usual I remember collecting young jack-pine seedlings in a can which I would use later for my slingshot. My mom told me I would also collect one other can. I would say this was for my brother John when he comes back from school. According to mom I never stopped talking about my brother John.

I said and did so many things that year that hurt my mom and dad. I was too young to understand that John was gone forever. It must have been pretty tough for the whole family to go through such a terrible ordeal especially in those first few months.

Summer came that year in 1957 and as usual the Indian agent came to the vil-

lage to register the next string of kids that would go to school in the coming fall. I was one of them.

That summer I was so pampered by my parents. They practically gave me everything I wanted. I guess you can say I was pretty spoiled.

To tell the truth I don't blame my parents for all the attention they gave me that summer.

Who knows what went through their minds when they knew I had to go to school that fall. I am positive they had this uneasy feeling, the impending fear that they would never see me again if I left. Just like my brother John.

I guess you could say it took a lot of courage and inner strength to let me go. That summer I used to see my mom cry a lot practically every time I said something about John.

I remember grandma explaining to me and trying to make me understand that I would never see John again and that he was gone forever to be with Jesus.

I always prayed when I go to bed. I always prayed with John before he left. My mom always made sure we said our bedtime Indian prayer. I still remember the words we recited together with mom. So when grandma told me that John was gone to be with Jesus that helped me understand a little that he was gone.

But the thought of seeing him again never stopped especially when I heard people talking about the school kids coming home that summer.

When the plane arrived with the school kids that summer in June I understood one thing only, that John would finally be here and that we would be together again.

**“IN THOSE DAYS IF YOU
REFUSE TO LET YOUR CHILD
GO TO SCHOOL THE
INDIAN AGENT WOULD PUT
YOU ON THEIR ‘BLACK
LIST’... IT WAS LIKE YOU DID
NOT EXIST.”**

I remember a lot of people coming to our home that day when the plane arrived. There was a lot of crying and at that time I still couldn't understand why.

I remember playing outside in the sand just in front of our tent. I had taken two of my toy trucks to play with that were given to me at Christmas. The red one was for my brother John I always said. I would give it to him I always thought when he comes back from school.

The kids from school arrived but John did not come to play with me that day as I hoped he would. I just sat there outside by myself unaware of, or understanding, what was going on. I remember a man coming to see me. He knelt beside me. It was the first time I saw this man. He took my hand and told me “Ashtum”. (Come here in Cree).

I took his hand and he took me inside. I went to see my mom who was crying. My dad was also crying. It is at this time that I began to understand that something terrible had happened to my brother and perhaps I would not see him again.

Later on I remember grandma picking me up and telling me that we were going to check the fishnet today. Checking the fishnet with grandma and dad was a favorite pastime for me. John and I would always go with grandma or with our dad. We would always sit side by side in the middle of the canoe dipping our hands now and then in the water and splashing each other. I guess I'll be alone now in the canoe. John will not be beside me.

Summer passed quickly that year and as September approached the emotions picked up again. On the day the plane would arrive to take me away to school I remember my parents crying that morning. Later that day I was dressed with the finest clothes I had ever worn. I even had a brand-new pair of black shoes and a brand-new brown suitcase.

I had Indian doughnuts that afternoon with a cup of light tea. This was my favourite snack which I would not have again until I came back the next summer.

I can never forget what I said that day just before we left for the dock where the plane was waiting to take us away. I asked my mom and dad, who was holding my

hand, where I was going will I see John over there? Is John waiting for me there?

My parents were so devastated when I said that they just completely broke down. I just can imagine their emotions and I am pretty sure they had second thoughts about letting me go.

Grandma convinced them to let me go. In those days if you refuse to let your child go to school the Indian agent would put you on their "Black List". You would lose your right to all types of federal assistance that were available in those days. They would strip you of the family allowance, food ration you were entitled to and all other means of financial support from the federal government. It was like you did not exist.

I left that day for school despite the hardship of separation from my parents. It would be awhile before I see them again. I still think now and then about the emotions that my parents felt when the plane left to take me away just like my brother John.

I thank God for giving them the strength to endure the pain and suffering they must have went through that year. This would be their first time they would spend in the bush without me or John. I can still imagine the loneliness and heartaches they must have gone through to live in those areas again where memories lingered of my brother John and I playing together.

The first few months at school was the hardest part of my life to endure. I was very, very lonesome and many nights I cried myself to sleep. There was no one to comfort me if I cried.

No one to put his arm around me and no one to wipe away my tears. I was not alone in the sadness I felt because I had heard other kids crying quietly when the lights were turned off and darkness engulfed our dormitory.

Many of us suffered from cultural shock. There were so many things that I saw for the very first time. Things that I never imagined existed. Cars, tall buildings, huge boats and so many white people. It was like entering in another world where you were taught to live the way they lived.

I soon would understand why as the months passed slowly.

"BUT IN A VERY SHORT PERIOD OF TIME ALTHOUGH I DID NOT UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE I FOUND OUT THE HARD WAY THAT THEY WERE THE MASTERS."

The first thing I learned was to stop crying and not speak my language because I got into trouble for it. I was careful not to talk too much for most of the year because I was unable to speak the English language. Whenever I wanted to speak Cree to the other children I would first look around to make sure no one was around to hear me.

Sometimes I felt so lonely that I would go and hide to cry. I longed for my mom and dad, my grandma I wanted to go home and be with them. I did not like this strange place where I was. John was not here.

They shaved off my hair every time it grew. I took a bath almost every night with two other kids in the same bathtub.

Remember the jack-pine seedlings I collected in a can for my brother John? Well I took some of them with me without my parents knowing about it. I put them in my brown suitcase when I left for school. Just in case I see John I thought. When I arrived at the residential school they went through our suitcases. That was the first thing they threw away with my slingshot. They made sure I saw them do that.

I hated them for doing that. But in a very short period of time although I did not understand their language I found out the hard way that they were the masters.

From the first time I was hit, something my parents never did to me, I was afraid of them. They made sure that I was afraid of them; from that day on I learned a lesson never to cross them, never to trust them because you never knew what they can do to you.

You were tamed not taught to listen, to behave, to do as you are told and to do the right things they wanted and if one kid got in trouble we were all to blame and punished for it. To them we

were a bunch of uneducated (the proper term for stupid) Indian kids that had to learn the White Man's way. It was essential to live by their rules, to eat what they ate, to pray the way they prayed and to do so many things differently that you never did back home.

These are the people that took my brother away from me. It's difficult to forget and forgive them until they bring back my brother John. They said he died but it's hard to believe this because I did not see the body, my parents did not see it either. We were not at the funeral service if there was one.

My sister Maggie and my brother Albert who attended the same school that year, they never saw the body either. There are no hospital records that tell us how John died. We have been told many stories from different people on how my brother really died.

All the proof we saw was an unmarked grave approximately 50 years later that was pointed out to us. The person that showed us told my mom "there between those two graves, that's where your son John was buried". Is my brother really there and if he is, was there ever a cross put there to mark his grave?

Will I forgive the federal government for the residential-school era? Yes I will forgive them for the wrong they did to me.

After viewing the apology from the government on national TV I was talking with my wife about the unusual things that happened to me while I was at residential school. I have spoken to her about this on many occasions sometimes to a point where I got emotionally upset especially when I talked about my brother John. I also told her on many occasions that she was lucky that she did not go to residential school in those days. Maybe I told her your mom and dad made the right choice.

I said to her that it's very difficult for me to accept the apology and forgive and I'll probably live with it for the rest of my life.

She got up and came back with a small bible in her hand and told me to read Matthew, chapter 6: verses 14 and 15.

continued on page 33

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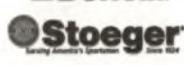
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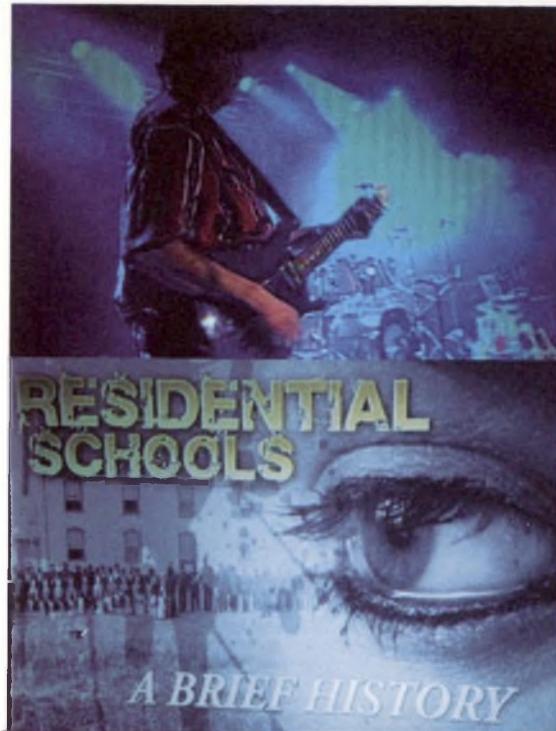
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THE CREE ARTS FESTIVAL

By Ernest Webb Photos by Donnie Nicholls

Bertie Wapabee proudly surveyed the packed arena in Chisasibi at the start of the 2nd Annual Cree Arts Festival. Held from August 21-23, the festival is a showcase for singers and musicians from the Cree world. This year's theme was to honour the residential school survivors.

Wapabee said festival organizers knew they wanted to honour the survivors but weren't quite sure how to, then the apology from Prime Minister Harper helped spark the direction the festival would take. "When Harper did the apology we knew how it was going to be," he said.

The festival opened with Harper's apology playing on the big screen. Once the opening was done then the music began in earnest. Festival guests included Vern Cheechoo, Ceramony and Melisa Pash and Shane Yellowbird from Hobbema, AB.

A favourite of mine was Robert Visitor Jr., son of late Bobby Visitor, a musical pioneer of Cree country. He was best known for bringing the songs of Hank Williams to life in Cree. Robert carries the twang his dad was famous for and that night he sang songs that were staples on Cree radio in the 1970s and 1980s. My only regret is he didn't sing Love Your Mother.

As Wapabee was called back to his duties, he said with a big smile, "Wait until next year!"



CANADA'S LOST GIRLS

THOUGH NEW INFORMATION IS SLOWLY BECOMING AVAILABLE ON THE DOMESTIC SEX TRAFFICKING OF ABORIGINAL GIRLS, THE WORLD IS WITHOUT AN APPETITE FOR IT

By Amy German

While it has become increasingly known across Canada that there are over 500 missing and/or murdered Aboriginal women who are still unaccounted for, when it comes to Aboriginal girls dropping off the map at the hands of traffickers, the issue is yet to make a headline, much less receive a prevention campaign.

In 2007 Anupriya Sethi, a policy analyst for the Families and Caregivers Strategic Policy Branch at Human Resources and Social Development Canada (HRSDC), released a study titled Domestic Sex Trafficking of Aboriginal Girls in Canada: Issues and Implications. The study looked at not the trafficking of adult women but of that of girls under the age of 18.

Though Sethi sent the study around to various major media outlets, both online and in print, and despite the fact that the report detailed the sexual enslavement of Aboriginal girls across the country, it was never reported on.

"The purpose of the study was to call it trafficking and to frame it in that way because it is considered prostitution," said Sethi. According to the report, the issue is not getting much attention due to widespread racism and racial stereotypes about Aboriginal women as they are frequently seen as "willing to take up sex work," as opposed to being coerced into it.

"The biggest thing that distinguishes prostitution and sex work is the coercion part," said Sethi.

According to the United Nations, "Trafficking in persons shall mean the recruitment, transportation, transfer, harboring, or receipt of persons, by means of threat or use of force or other forms of coercion, of abduction or fraud,

of deception, of the abuse of power of a position of vulnerability or of the giving or receiving of payment or benefits to achieve the consent of a person having control over other persons, for the purpose of exploitation."

For as much as there are no actual figures on the domestic-sex trafficking of Aboriginal girls in Canada, as Sethi's report showed, which was derived from information obtained from frontline workers throughout the country, it does not mean it is not happening. As there is no national level data that tracks the transient Aboriginal population and their trafficking in the sex trade within the country and no group be it governmental or otherwise that does so, it is impossible to know what the statistics would be.

In lieu of this, the report instead suggests that examining the numbers of Aboriginal girls involved in actual prostitution to "throw some light on the extent of the issue." First Nation girls are exponentially overrepresented in the sex trade and Sethi's report detailed how they made up 14% - 60% of it across various regions in Canada. In Vancouver, 60% of sexually exploited youth are Aboriginal and in Saskatoon, children as young as 11 and 12 were being forced into the sex trade.

Girls are recruited into trafficking through various different means. Though coercion and deception are the underlying commonalities, girls can be recruited anywhere from schools, bars, the Internet, while hitchhiking, by gangs, by their boyfriend, by other girls and even by the least suspect of individuals, their own families.

"There are communities in the North where First Nations girls are sex-

ually exploited and initiated into prostitution by their male and female relatives," according to the report.

As girls travel outside of their communities they become vulnerable to traffickers and cases have been documented where even girls who become something as innocuous as dancers fall prey to these men because they will travel from province to province to perform in a world they are unfamiliar with.

A particularly alarming scenario was presented to Sethi by an Aboriginal frontline worker who works in these communities and said she was seeing a lot of this.

"A couple of key informants identified airports as the point of recruitment in big cities like Montreal, which are witnessing a growing movement of Aboriginal girls, especially Inuit, from Northern communities. Traffickers often know someone in the community who informs them about the plans of the girls moving to the city. Upon their arrival at the airport, traffickers lure the girls under the pretext of providing a place to stay or access to resources. In the words of a key informant working as an Aboriginal outreach worker, 'Girls tend to believe in the promises of the traffickers as they are young, naïve and vulnerable in a new and big city. They are unsuspecting of the motives of the traffickers, since they belong to communities that have a culture of welcoming strangers.'"

Sethi described the traffickers as being very organized despite the fact that they are very underground. Sometimes they even have knowledge of the girls' flight details.

Once they become absorbed into the network, girls find themselves being

moved from city to city to keep them off the radar and isolated so that control can be exerted over them.

"Traffickers impose various forms of violence – physical, emotional, economic and sexual – to initiate girls into sex trafficking and to maintain control over them. Girls are forced to go with johns, not use condoms, and live in poor and unhygienic conditions. Traffickers often keep the earnings and the identification documents of girls to minimize their chances of escape; girls have negligible or limited access to resources such as welfare services or addiction treatments," said Sethi in the study.

Before the actual issue of trafficking can be addressed however, the conditions that lead these girls into danger have to be addressed. Whereas both Canada and the U.S. tend to approach the issue from a crime-and-punishment stance by prosecuting the traffickers when they are caught, the vulnerabilities of the victims that lead them into the situation initially is not part of the equation. Despite the fact that trafficking has been a hot topic in parliament over the last few years, this is largely the result of pressure from the U.S. government which is looking to protect their borders and not individuals. Furthermore, any dialogue that has occurred within parliament on the subject of trafficking has

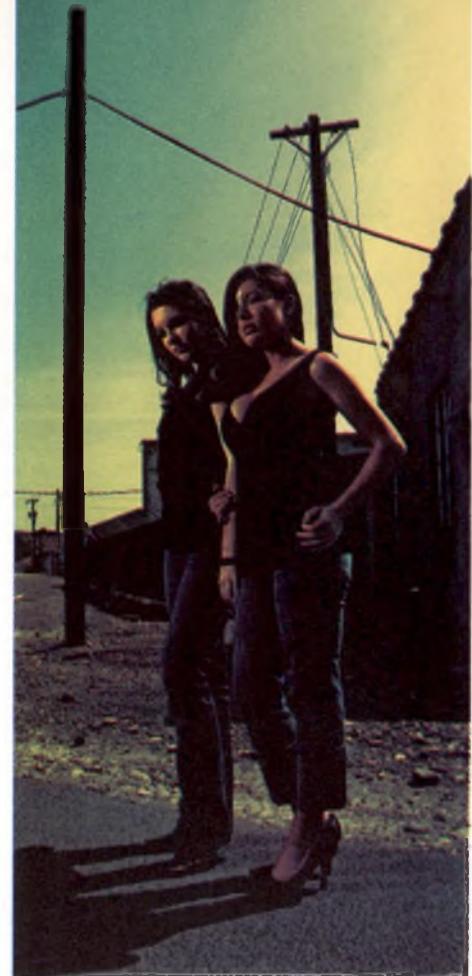
strikes against them that lead to trafficking. From the legacy of the residential-school system to a lack of awareness, acknowledgment and understanding of sexual exploitation, racism from the general population, violence, intergenerational substance abuse, gaps in service provisions, discriminatory policies and legislations, the rising popularity of gangs and the kind of isolation that can stem from being in a remote community, add it up and the results are devastating.

According to Sethi, something as basic as a girl's desire to escape her difficult situation at home will often lead her right down the path of being exploited by another individual. Unfortunately there are so few services available to them that they can easily become trapped.

According to Sethi, the first step in addressing the issue is to acknowledge and recognize seriousness of the problem on a governmental level as so far that has yet to be done.

"I have not seen this addressed as an issue yet, there are definitely research gaps," said Sethi since, without concrete numbers, the issue can be brushed aside under the guises of it not affecting a large enough portion of the population.

Sethi also recommended that Canada establish a national strategy for domestic trafficking, bridge the



the trafficking of Aboriginal children but that Aboriginal children themselves be educated about the situation as a means of prevention.

Though some prevention campaigns exist in other provinces, they don't in Quebec.

The IBCR also suggested that "professionals who are likely to come into contact with child-trafficking victims should receive training on trafficking," and cultural-sensitivity training.

Though there are members of government who are currently working on committees that are determined to bring this issue into the public's view and address it, trafficking is an age-old issue as is the marginalization of Canada's Aboriginal population.

Expressing her frustration with the constant demand for actual numbers when discussing trafficked Aboriginal girls, Sethi said, "I often wondered, isn't one a bit too many? Do we really have to have 3000 or 5000 people affected?"

"GIRLS TEND TO BELIEVE IN THE PROMISES OF THE TRAFFICKERS AS THEY ARE YOUNG, NAÏVE AND VULNERABLE IN A NEW AND BIG CITY."

been in relation to girls coming in from other countries and not Canada's Aboriginal girls.

"You can always look to gangs and substance abuse but that comes in much later. It all begins with the root causes so if you want to readdress trafficking, we have to address poverty," said Sethi.

As 52.1% of all Aboriginal children in the country are living in extreme poverty, it is easy to say that poverty alone could contribute to the problem but Aboriginal youths have so many more

policy-practice gap, create culturally relevant services and promote capacity building in Aboriginal communities amongst other recommendations regarding the acknowledgement of Aboriginal culture.

In Quebec, the International Bureau for Children's Rights in the document, Strategic Action Plan for the Protection of Victims of Child Trafficking in Quebec, had various suggestions for the province.

The IBCR not only suggested that the general population be schooled on

the Nation

— from Eeyou Istchee to Mongolia



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UNDER THE NORTHERN SKY

Who's That Knocking On My Roof?

by Xavier Kataquapit

Have you ever looked at the animals in the forest and noticed how their personalities sometimes seem similar to people you know? Some of the connections are simple to make. The busy beaver would be associated with people who have a big work ethic and are always on the go. A large bear could be for someone with a lot of strength but who could also be dangerous.

Sometimes the associations are not as easy to make or the connections may seem to appear out of place until you look at little deeper into the personalities of people and the natural lives of different animals.

I sat down with a friend of mine the other day to figure out what animals would be connected to the people in our lives. In one instance, I compared someone to a raven. In the non-Native world a raven is considered a scavenger, a nuisance and basically a garbage bird that is more connected to negative things rather than anything positive.

My friend was a little offended at comparing a garbage bird to someone in real life. However, I explained that in the Native world, the raven is considered a very skilful and intelligent creature. A raven can home in on available food sources in just about any given location. When it senses humans in the area, these birds will wander nearby in search of any opportunity for a quick meal from stored food sources. Hunters know that if they are not careful, a raven will steal away about any edible bit of food.

In addition, ravens are powerfully adaptable creatures that can survive the coldest winters. In the dead of winter, when no other birds are in sight or can be heard, there is always a raven cawing in the forest making plans for its next meal. I explained to my friend that to me a raven is an adaptable, powerful and intelligent creature.

I also discovered that comparing forest creatures and people works both ways. People names suit the personalities of animals in the wilderness. I discovered this fact one day while I took a walk in the woods. At the bottom of a hill on a bright sunny afternoon, a furry groundhog ambled along on the ground, feasting on greens in a patch of clover. He was aware of my presence and he gave me quick glances to see that I did not come too close. I let him enjoy his meal in the warm sunny patch of green grass he had staked for himself.

I talked to him as I walked back and forth on the trail near his dinner field to let him know where I was and what I was doing. However, it just didn't seem right to refer to him as "hey you", so I decided to give him a name. I watched him from a distance all afternoon and then for some reason an appropriate name came to me – I called him Morris. To me the name seemed to suit him. So I spent the rest of the afternoon with Morris and I felt a little better referring my new friend by name.

Naming animals and recognizing their personalities as being similar to ours is something very familiar to my background. As children, our parents and grandparents passed down stories to us about the animals, birds and people from the past. In every story, animals were more or less the same as people and the narrations included characters who could not get along as well as stories that featured individuals who could work together. The animals in these stories had personalities and they could communicate with people.

My friendship with Morris was a bit short lived. He seemed to prefer being alone and disappeared into the forest. After my meeting with Morris I continued my little game of name giving. I began to imagine all sorts of new titles for the regular creatures I saw in my day. The crow in the backyard became Jacob. A family of loons on the lake were John and Colleen and their two offspring became Makwa, the Cree word for loon, and Meenish, the Cree word for berry. A lone seagull that regularly visited the lake became Agatha in honour of my friend Mike's ancestor. A woodpecker that had been knocking on my roof was called Joe as he reminded me of my witty and energetic brother. The list grew until just about every creature I normally come into contact with had a name.

Of course, there is also a practical basis for my little game. Now when I see the various animals and birds that live around me I can point them out by name so things are less confusing. It also makes me feel good to know that my family and friends are around me in all types of shapes and forms.

Try this little game yourself with family and friends next time you are in the forest, camping or at the cottage. It makes the wilderness a lot more friendly.

EMPLOYMENT



NASKAPI

NOTICE OF COMPETITION: EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

The CLSC Naskapi was created in 2001 by the Government of Québec according to the North Eastern Québec Agreement. This establishment is exclusively for the service of the Naskapi Nation of Kawawachikamach, a population of close to 1000 residents living in a small municipality 15 km North of Schefferville.

Mandate and Challenges

Acting under the authority of the Board of Directors and in collaboration with the Council of the Naskapi Nation of Kawawachikamach and taking into account the cultural specificity of the Naskapis, the Executive Director will be responsible for:

- the administration and proper functioning of the institution;
- accomplishing the mission of the institution and implementing the strategic orientations and the policies adopted by the Board of Directors, as well as attaining objectives in a spirit of complementarities, continuity, and continuous improvement of the quality of client services;
- refining an organizational model that implies cooperation, team work and partnership with the community groups;
- the mobilization and optimal use of human resources by practicing effective and efficient management;
- achieving a balanced budget without compromising the quality of services and client satisfaction.

Profile

The person sought is a senior manager whose leadership is recognized in his or her profession and who has a demonstrated the capacity to operate in a cross-cultural setting in an isolated region. Candidate must have a strong commitment to the quality of client services. The person must be fluent in French and English. Knowledge of Naskapi language would be an asset.

Candidate must demonstrate the ability to share and communicate a vision of new trends in management within and outside the institution.

Candidate must create a climate that is favorable to change and must have the capacity to represent the institution at all formal events, including traditional events, and to interact with all sectors of the network and the community.

Requirements*

1. bachelor's degree in an appropriate discipline; exceptional experience in a senior manager position in the Quebec Health and Social services sector might compensate for the lack of a bachelor's degree;
2. at least five years of experience in a senior management position, in the Quebec Health and Social Services network;
3. practical knowledge of the Quebec health and social services network is essential;
4. knowledge of main health and social issues related to First Nation communities;
5. fluency in French and English (spoken and written), a test will be required before interview;
6. experience with First Nation people in an isolated area is an asset.

Conditions

Remuneration and benefits will be in conformity with the policies applicable to senior administrators of the Health and Social Services network (Class 19), including the conditions specific to northern regions (northern subsidy, annual leaves, and accommodation).

**The CLSC Naskapi insures, without discrimination, the access to this position for all persons desiring to submit their candidature. Subject to equal competence senior administrators and officers of the network of the Health and Social Services will have hiring priority over other candidatures.*

Those persons interested in applying must submit their offer of services including their curriculum vitae before 17 h 00 on September 26, 2008, to: CLSC Naskapi, President of the Selection Committee, P.O. Box. 5154, Kawawachikamach, G0G 2Z0. Telephone: (418) 585-2897. Fax. (418) 585-3126. Email: Marcel.Lortie.09naskp@ssss.gouv.qc.ca

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NISKAMOON CORPORATION T.E.H.Q. 2008 GRADUATES

Niskamoon Corporation is proud to introduce to you the newest graduates from the Technical Employment with Hydro-Québec (T.E.H.Q.). This year, fifteen students have given their best in order to successfully complete training programs they had committed themselves to. With a bit of determination, perseverance, and support from family and friends, these graduates were able to show everyone where their hard work has led them. With brand new diplomas in hand, each graduate now has the opportunity to enter a permanent full-time position as an important part of the Hydro-Québec workforce.

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George Ottereyes

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Cathy Iserhoff
Daniel Gull
Paul Sealhunter
Stéphane Petiquay

Electronics Technology in Telecommunications/ Computers

Bonnie Fireman
Daniel Taylor
Hugo Rupert

The Board of Directors and staff at Niskamoon Corporation applaud your great efforts. It was an honour to highlight and recognize your achievements with all of our guests at this year's Graduation and Golf event.

**Congratulations on your hard earned diplomas
and best of luck in your new endeavours!**

